The World.

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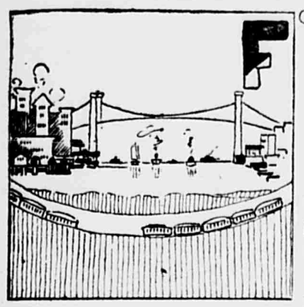
BROOKLYN TUNNEL OPENS.



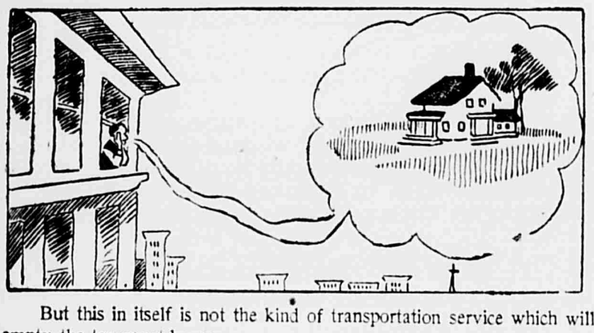
FORTY-THREE minutes after 12 o'clock to-night the Battery tunnel to Brooklyn will open. The first regular transportation of passengers underneath the waters which make New York an island will begin.

This is transit development on the right lines. The Island of Manhattan should have fewer inhabitants rather than more. Office buildings, factories, stores, terminals and hotels are crowding out the purely residential population. There are vacant lots on Washington Heights, but these are as far from the crowded downtown as much cheaper land on Long Island and Staten Island.

Regarded simply as a mechanical and engineering problem every family in Greater New York can have its own separate house, with a piece of ground about it on which to raise flowers and vegetables, and still its working members can be within three-quarters of an hour travel of the City Hall.

The reason that this improved way of living does not exist, except to a limited class of the population, is that transportation facilities are inadequate, slow and costly.

The Battery tunnel, completed now as far as the Borough Hall in Brooklyn, will soon extend to the Long Island Railroad station. This will give the downtown business men and their clerks easy access to the commutation district supplied by the Long Island Railroad.



But this in itself is not the kind of transportation service which will empty the tenement-houses.

So long as a passenger has to pay two fares each way the tenement-house problem will remain. Ten cents a day on the Brooklyn subway added to the price of a railroad commutation ticket is as much as a tenement-house room can be rented for. Where several members of a family are employed the transportation for them all would cost as much as a modest flat.

What is needed most is suburban transportation at a single fare, and that fare as low as possible, not exceeding 10 cents a day for the round trip.

The New Jersey tunnels will soon be carrying passengers and thereby transferring real estate values to another State.

Every family which locates in a neighborhood increases the value of property in that neighborhood and adds to the amount of taxable revenue collectible there. To allow the Jersey transportation systems to exceed in facility and in lower cost the New York transportation systems will have a far-reaching effect on New York's real estate values, business prosperity and tax revenue.

The Interborough subway and the Coney Island subway cannot be built any too soon.

Letters from the People.

Want Motto for American Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where are the true American girls? Why don't they entreat the head of the nation to give them a motto? In behalf of the true American girls, of whom I trust I am a good representative, I beg that we have a motto that we would do well in following, for I think girls at the present need something of the sort to help them along.

W. H. D.

A Fish Story.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The headline "Fish Holds Boy in the Water by the Nose," may sound queer to some people, but the same thing once happened on Lake Keuka, N. Y. A woman was rowing across the lake while her little son was leaning far over and playing in the water. Suddenly up jumped a fish and seized the boy's nose. The boy gave one yell and jumped back, landing the fish in the boat. Whoever may doubt this can write to the Postmaster at Keuka, N. Y., where the boy with the scar on his nose and the photograph of the fish can be found. I don't know if this happened on a Friday.

JOSEPH WHITE.

A Jeweller's Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A goldsmith bought 30 pounds of gold. He uses 6 ounces, 1 pennyweight, 3 grains of it to make chains, etc. What decimal is this of the 30 pounds, readers?

MARTIN L. UNQUIL.

One Solution to Liquor Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Permit me to submit the following solution to the liquor mixture problem: One-eighth of the quantity of each liquor of the first mixture is taken out, leaving 7-8 of a pint, and added to the second mixture, thus making the second mixture contain 9-8 pints. One glassful, or 1-9 of the six ingredients, is then taken out of the second mixture and poured into the first. Deduct 1-8 of each of the ingredients in the first mixture and add to the second. Then deduct 1-9 of each of the ingredients in the second mixture and add to what is left in the first. The result is that the first will contain 4-9 whiskey, 8-27 brandy, 8-54 water, 1-18 ale, 1-... beer and 1-54 wine; and t... second will contain 1-18 whiskey, 1-27 brandy, 1-54 water, 4-9 ale, 8-27 beer and 4-27 wine.

ALFRED B. GOLDSTENE.

Patriotism and Chivalry.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why don't our manufacturers adopt the phrase "Made by U. S." (Uncle Sam) and "We beat the world" to offset the oft-quoted phrase "Made in such and such a foreign country?" Another suggestion: Would it not be a good idea for some one to put on sale a parti-colored button, half blue and half red, known as the "polite button," which should meet with a ready sale and be worn by every gentleman who would rather be a straphanger than see a lady stand up in a car?

OBSERVER.

Women and Tobacco.

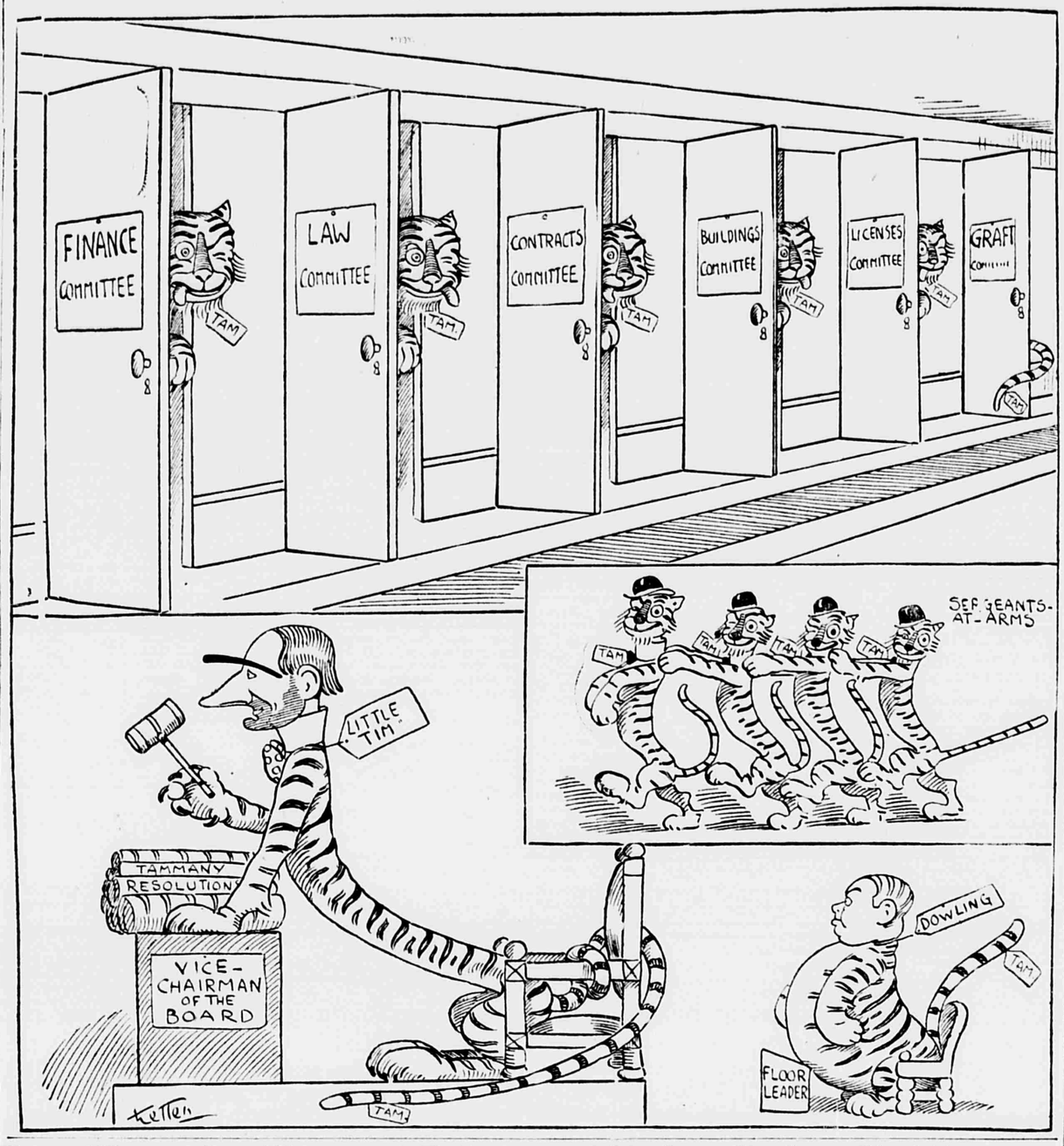
To the Editor of The Evening World:

This agitation about women smoking seems silly. Some years ago the custom of women smoking came to our country. People were aghast. Women liked to raise a little sensation, so a lot of them began smoking. Then the public gradually lost interest in the matter, and as a result most women stopped smoking. Women don't, as a rule, care one bit for smoking. Ignore the matter and they'll stop. Preach against it and many of them will do it. Why not try this remedy? Let other readers discuss.

OBSERVER.

The New Board of Aldermen.

By Maurice Ketten.



Some Women Can Think and Talk Only of Clothes, Clothes, Clothes; Mrs. Jarr Is Different, as You Will Perceive by Reading This.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Roy L. McCardell

"WELL, I've just come back from spending the afternoon with Mrs. Kittingly," gurgled Mrs. Jarr, "and I do declare, all that woman thinks of in this world, all she can talk of, is clothes, clothes, clothes!"

"I'm glad you can think of other things, but you don't talk of much else," grumbled Mr. Jarr.

"Hum!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You don't often hear me talking about clothes. Indeed, you do not! What's the use of talking about what you can't have? And, anyway, I've got other things to think of, but that Mrs. Kittingly just made my head ache talking about clothes and what was to be worn this winter, and what was not to be worn, and what was the mode and what was the rage!"

"Well, what is the mode and what is the rage?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, don't ask me," said Mrs. Jarr. "I didn't pay any attention to what she said. But she did say that the side pleat skirts are gone out, entirely out! Of course, you had to have a good figure to wear those side-pleat skirts, but they were very becoming to me, if I do say it!"

"What has succeeded the side-pleat skirt?" asked Mr. Jarr, feigning great interest.

"Why, the sheath skirt, of course!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You know, it's just moulded to the form down to the knees, and there it flares out."

"Made of light goods if it flares out?" suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Jarr, who did not see the feeble joke. "Of course, some of the velvets, like chiffon velvet, are light; but broadcloth is always fitting and proper with the sheath skirt."

"Maybe fitting, but not proper, when they are moulded too close?" suggested Mr. Jarr.

But Mrs. Jarr heeded him not; her thoughts were in the seventh heaven of glad rags.

"Everything is Copenhagen blue!" she continued. "Copenhagen blue, you know, is just a shade off Alice blue, a little graener. Delft blue is popular, too, but not so ultra swagger or dernier cri as Copenhagen; and the short skirts, except for walking skirts in the morning, have gone out. Oh, you must not be seen in the afternoon in short skirts! There's not much change in sleeves; the Mandarin sleeve is still the mode, but you must take care that your costume matches—stockings same shade and boots with cloth tops, just like the dress in shade and pattern, with patent-leather vamps. The small hat is in, and must be of the same shade, with plumes to match. Of course, the picture hat hasn't gone out, but the small hat, or fur toque, to match your muff and stole, but with maybe a bird of Paradise, is what is considered more chic."

"Oh, the bird is more chick, is it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I said chic!" said Mrs. Jarr severely. "But positively no flowers must be worn, except orchids or gardenias. Mrs. Schenck-Collins set the style, wearing gardenias in her hair at the opera, but orchids are even more fashionable! No one but people in mourning or chorus girls wear violets. But, as I was telling you, about shoes: Black shoes or stockings must not be worn except with a black costume. Of course, we do wear them, but they cannot be worn, you know."

"Oh, we do, but we cannot!" repeated Mr. Jarr. "And what sort of diamonds and pearls must we wear?"

"We mustn't wear them at all, unless in antique settings," said Mrs. Jarr. "Old style jewelry is the fad. Old cameos, old coral necklaces and ear-rings have come back. The long bobs and pendants like grandmother used to wear and Mrs. Elinor Glyn wears are the rage. I wouldn't be surprised if jade and jet was the fashion again, like it was when my mamma was a little girl."

"How about 'London smoke?' I thought you wanted a dress of 'London smoke?'" said Mr. Jarr.

"That's a color, silly!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I'd like to have a dress of it in chiffon velvet, but I REALLY do want a lady's cloth of Copenhagen blue made with a sheath skirt and"——

But Mr. Jarr had rushed to the outer air.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "She doesn't care to talk about clothes!"

Miss Lonely's Tireless Hunt for Mr. Man

By F. G. Long

THE WARS OF OUR COUNTRY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 34.—CIVIL WAR. Part II.—"On to Richmond!"

"ON to Richmond!"

This cry echoed endlessly throughout the North. The people demanded that a dash be made for the Confederate capital and the war thus speedily be put to an end. It was easy enough to repeat this enthusiastic slogan; but quite another thing for the President and the army commanders to carry it out. Yet pressure of public opinion forced an attempt at it.

Early in 186.. Gen. McClellan (who, with about 200,000 men, was encamped near Washington) prepared to march upon Richmond. Between him and the Southern capital lay less than 75,000 Confederate soldiers. Had the attack begun sooner there might possibly have been a different story to tell. But a series of disastrous delays postponed the start. McClellan fell ill; he was hindered by a mass of official incompetence; his scouts and spies were deceived as to the size and whereabouts of the Southern forces. So it was not until April that the actual advance was made. By that time the Confederate generals were ready to meet the invasion.

Even then (according to many tacticians) had McClellan marched directly on Richmond the city must have fallen. But more official blunders and other setbacks delayed him. As the Union troops advanced along the Peninsula, a Confederate army under Gen. McGruder continually outmanoeuvred and thwarted the larger force of invaders. Governmental incompetency completed the fate of the attack.

The Peninsula Campaign.

McClellan intended to co-operate with a Northern fleet that sailed up the James River, to within a few miles of Richmond; but conflicting orders from the War Department prevented him. Other Union Generals—Fremont, Ewell, Banks and McDowell—were mean time trying to capture the army of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson in the Virginia mountains. But Jefferson Davis planned a set of brilliant counter-moves, thanks to which the scheme utterly failed. Jackson broke the line of communication between Banks and Fremont; and defeated Banks in pitched battle. He then made a series of demonstrations against Washington which so worried the Government authorities that they dared not send reinforcements from the National capital to help McClellan in his Peninsula campaign.

All these delays and the daring manoeuvres of Jackson and Davis gave the Confederates time to garrison Richmond with an army 60,000 strong. Thus, when McClellan, after his various long waits, eventually came within sight of the city, he found it apparently too well guarded to be taken by assault. He was also misinformed as to the numbers of troops there and supposed them much larger than they actually were. On May 31 a decisive battle was fought at Chickahominy Creek, near Richmond.

The Federals won an overwhelming victory and sent their enemies flying pell-mell into the city. Had McClellan followed close on the fugitives' heels, he might, it is thought, have taken Richmond. Instead, he went into camp on the Chickahominy, a malarial, swamp-infested spot, where in the terrible heat of summer thousands of Union soldiers sickened and died like so many flies. Thousands more fell in fruitless conflict.

When McClellan, finally, was ready to advance once more upon Richmond, the Confederate generals, Lee and Jackson, kept him so busily engaged in battle after battle that he could make no headway. At last, on Aug. 4, the War Department ordered the expedition abandoned. It had proved one of the most pitiable, disastrous campaigns in the modern annals of war. Federal incompetency and Confederate strategy had combined to cause a fiasco at which the whole world wondered.

On Sept. 17 McClellan and Lee met at Antietam, in a battle where 150,000 men in all were engaged. Lee was defeated. In this fight and in the battle of South Mountain, which came just before it, the Union losses were 14,000 as against about 12,000 on the Confederate side. During the night of Sept. 17 the defeated Lee removed his troops in safety across the Potomac, escaping cleverly from the trap in which it was thought McClellan had caught him and his army. This escape, coupled with the Peninsula fiasco, wilted McClellan's laurels. He was deposed from his post of Commander in Chief, being superseded by Gen. Burnside.

Union Victories in Southwest.

But while a series of misfortunes had followed the Union armies in Virginia during 1862 the Federal forces in the West and the far South had had decidedly better fortune. In the Southwest the Northern generals, Grant, Sherman, Foote, Thomas, Garfield and Curtis (with far smaller armies than those in the East) carried all before them, winning an almost unbroken succession of victories. Grant in 1862 captured Forts Henry and Donelson, won a great victory at Shiloh, took the Confederate stronghold of Corinth, and prevented the South from winning any permanent footing in Kentucky. Already he was proving his military genius.

David Farragut with a Union fleet (co-operating with a land force of 12,000 New Englanders under Gen. Butler) sailed up the Mississippi, smashed Fort Jackson, broke a chain the Confederates had stretched across the river, thrashed a Confederate fleet sent to oppose him, and, with Porter, captured New Orleans. Gen. Butler held that city, while Farragut went further up the river and took Natchez and Baton Rouge. The twin forts, Jackson and Philip, had been thought impregnable and had been relied on by the South as an adequate protection for New Orleans. Their fall and that of the city was a heavy blow to the Confederacy.

Another naval feat of the same year—one of the strangest encounters in history—will be described in the next article of this series.

Presidents at the Circus.

By Tody Hamilton.

I REMEMBER Blaine, big Tom Reed, Bayard, McKinley, and many others, all of whom invariably acted like boys out of school. McKinley always came surrounded by children, with whom he was a great favorite. He declined to be accompanied on these occasions, preferring to wander around from cage to curiosity, good humoredly answering a multiplicity of innocent questions propounded by his young friends, writes Tody Hamilton in the Washington Sunday Star.

President Grover Cleveland, though elected to office as a Democrat, was one of our least democratic of Presidents. He was exclusive in his home life and rarely visited places of amusement. He was never seen at the circus. I am told, however, that he broke through this reserve after his children were old enough to go out and frequently accompanied them to the performances.

President Harrison, who was regarded by many as a cold blooded aristocrat, and was generally cartooned as an ice wagon, was less exclusive in the White House than Cleveland, and outside of the Executive Mansion was easily approachable. He came to the show without any parade, and stood amused before the monkeys' cage, and went around among the freaks with genuine curiosity.

President Hayes never attended the circus. His wife, who organized prayer meetings in the East Room and served diplomatic dinners without wine, thought it was wicked.

Not so the Roosevelts, who, from father to son, with all of the rest of the household, are to be seen at the first and last performances. Certainly, the enjoyment of life is not frowned upon as unwholesome in the present Presidential family.

A Widows' and Widowers' Club.

By Marie Russell Hulen.

THERE has been a mistake about my club. It is not a matrimonial bureau. This impression, sent out broadcast, has brought me from fifteen to thirty letters a day seeking information. The club is merely an uplift club for widows first and widowers second," said Miss Marie Russell Hulen in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"We are the most abused set of people on earth and need uplifting. We meet at my house and talk things over, help each other, assist in the study of bringing up children who may be fatherless or motherless.

"Of course, if two of the members should become smitten we would help it along, but that is not likely. I think most of us have had enough. They are all too sensible.

"We are against the proposition of a leap year for the women. We do not believe women should propose. When a woman does this she unsexes herself. She lays herself open to this remark, after the ceremony, 'Well, don't blame me—you asked me to marry you.' That will not do. If we are worth having we are worth asking for—that is the way we look at it."

Simeon Ford Tells a Story.

SIMEON FORD tells of the sad case of a young married woman in Brooklyn who suspected that her husband was indulging in wine. She determined, however, to say nothing till she had confirmed her suspicions.

In conversation with her bosom friend, she said she would give anything to discover the truth. The friend mentioned that a man even slightly intoxicated cannot pronounce words of length. This gave the young wife an idea, which she proceeded to put into execution.

When the young women met again, the suspicious wife announced that the worst had been ascertained. She burst into tears and took from her handbag a paper which she handed to her friend.

"I gave him this," she sobbed.

The friend read from the list the following words: "Philoprogenitiveness, disproportionableness, pseudaesthesia, phthisis, parachronism, hypochondriasis, photochromy, syncategorematic."

"And," added the unhappy wife, with a fresh sob, "the wretch missed nearly all of them!"—Sunday Magazine.